

The Gateway



VOL. XIX, No. 2.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1928

SIX PAGES

Invocation of New President Was a Beautiful Ceremony

Colorful Scenes When Dr. Wallace Accepts Presidency—Hon. R. B. Bennett Delivers Stirring Convocation Address—Chancellor Rutherford, Premier Brownlee Other Speakers

"A university is deep rooted in the ideals of democracy, where the ultimate success of the government depends that the people think for themselves. There is no system of government that has presented to education such a challenge as has democracy—that the people be shown how to think for themselves—and we accept the challenge."

In this sweeping fashion President Wallace brought home to his hearers a measure of the sense of responsibility which they, as well as himself, must bear for the success of the University through the coming years.

At the special Convocation held in the Hall amid the mediaeval pomp of pageantry and dress, the induction of Dr. Wallace as the second President of the University of Alberta was held. Long before the hour of meeting the crowd began to gather, so that the available seats in the hall were filled when the procession entered. As the berobed figures took their places on the platform the presence of the CKUA microphones seemed oddly out of place against the dress that had been a heritage from distant years.

The Right Rev. H. A. Gray gave the Invocation.

In his introductory address Premier Brownlee spoke in glowing terms of Dr. Wallace's record and life. Not only as a scholar and a teacher, but in his will to serve and his capacity for leadership, as had been shown in his career, he had rated high in the opinions of his fellow scientists. That he would be of inestimable value to the University as a director, an inspiration, a creator of enthusiasm, an ideal, he felt certain. This University had risen in twenty years from an institution with an enrolment of less than forty students and a faculty of five to its present student body of over 1,600, and there seemed every prospect that the future would see as great improvements as the province continued to grow.

Formal Induction

At the conclusion of this speech, Premier Brownlee presented Dr. Wallace to the Chancellor. Clasping Dr. Wallace's hand in a gesture of sincere welcome, Dr. Rutherford expressed his great pleasure and satisfaction in welcoming to the Presidency of the University a man of whom so much might be expected.

The Chancellor then extended a welcome to Dr. Wallace on behalf of the Convocation, Senate, and Board of Governors. "The position of President of the University is the highest and most important one within the power of the Alberta government to bestow." That it had been committed to most capable hands he felt certain, to judge from Dr. Wallace's record in the service of the Province of Manitoba. He, too, spoke of the phenomenal growth of the University since its organization. That we have the essentials to make a great University he knew, for not only was the faculty composed of able and respected teachers and lecturers, second to none in Canada, but the students were diligent and loyal, exemplary in their relations with the staff of instructors. The enrolment for this year had far surpassed that of any other, over four hundred and forty new students being registered in the various faculties. "New problems are arising. There is a need for new dormitories, for the present residences cannot cope with the demand placed on them." The gym, he found, was unsuitable, laboratories congested, and the library had assumed such proportions that there was a most urgent need for a new building to accommodate it. "We look to the government for funds for extension." The University has a creditable past, with its graduates going forth to face the world imbued with a spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater; it has a

UNIVERSITY SUNDAY SERVICES

University services have been re-organized on a different basis. This year the addresses are to be given, as far as possible, by members of the faculty. There will be only about one regular 11 o'clock service a month. Mr. Nichols will supply this deficiency of addresses by having music on as many of the intervening Sundays as he possibly can.

We begin with Dr. Wallace's service on Oct. 14th. The next one is the regular Armistice Service on November 11th.

All of the Freshmen have heard our new president in Convocation Hall. Most of the rest of us have been fortunate enough to hear him in the residences. After-dinner speeches are proverbially difficult and quite sufficient to smother the most interesting. Yet Dr. Wallace was fresh and stimulating under these trying conditions. No one can afford to miss him on Sunday, when the atmosphere is more favorable.

Dr. Wallace has done his utmost to show his friendliness. He has sought in every possible way to make those personal contacts for which he is so anxious. Here is our first chance to make a friendly gesture in return.

great future. In closing, he solicited the support and co-operation of the citizens of the province, the staff and the student body, for the new President. With such he cannot but succeed.

President Wallace
Dr. Wallace opened his address with a reference of respect for the work of Dr. Tory, whose responsibilities and duties he was about to assume. He had appreciated the good will shown to him and his since his arrival. He was glad that Alberta had chosen such a high ideal of education by which to train her young men and women. In these days we are often called upon to face keen criticisms regarding the value of university education. "To answer these we must be conscious and sure of the



HON. J. E. BROWNLEE
Whose address was a feature of yesterday's ceremony.

truth in us, that we may speak without equivocation and that our vision may be clear."

The University is here to fill the needs of the province, to sustain the standards of our civilization, and to raise them as the opportunity presents itself. It is here to meet economic needs, to fill the demands for trained men and women to guide and direct the life of the age.

University training, as we have it, is rooted on the ideal of democracy, the ultimate success of which depends on the people thinking for themselves. Democracy has thrown down its challenge to education, and we must take up that challenge, and help to show others to think rightly. "The University is seized with the ideal of truth. Truth must remain the main quest of a university at all times. Honesty and sincerity are the hallmarks of any educational institution. It is no easy task, that we combine the ability to think with the courage to pursue the gleam. In our motto we have before us the sincere desire to follow that which is truth." Around us there is the quiet note of the good and the beautiful, the possibility for self-expression and inspiration. These did not come of necessity, from the wisdom of one student proved too much for his sensitive soul, and he left the stage. He evidently was not used to being laughed at.

The next was a bicycle act, very well done, and enjoyed by all.

The climax was reached when someone threw a tomato against the curtain. Some asked, "What was that?" Others answered, "An egg."

"No, a tomato." A Freshman was suspected. Sophomores hurried to the front, made enquiries and returned. Suddenly there was a murmur, and all eyes turned. The police had entered and were investigating. They removed three people. "They are not Freshmen," called someone. "Twenty-five dollars and costs," shouted another.

After a few moments' delay, the show went on. There was very little disturbance after that. A comedian came out, but the laughter of one student proved too much for his sensitive soul, and he left the stage. He evidently was not used to being laughed at.

The show continued without interruption until the end.

After the show the students had their snake dance. Joining hands, they wound back and forth across the street, in and out of buildings, blocking all traffic. Sometimes a daring driver tried to break the line, but he received such a violent shaking that his car looked like a rocking horse. Once all had to clear away for the fire engine.

The police supervised the dance, and seemed to grasp the spirit of the night. One police officer said that he wanted to see the students enjoy themselves and they would not interfere providing there was no wilful destruction of property. He regretted that the curtain in the theatre had been damaged. The students for the most part appreciated the attitude of the police.

Many Representatives
At the conclusion, the Registrar read a list of those present representing the following universities: University of Acadia, Bishop's College, Brandon College, University of British Columbia, Dalhousie University, Guelph Agricultural College, Harvard University, University of Idaho, McGill University, McMaster University, University of Manitoba,

(Continued on page six)

GIRLS' INITIATION UNIQUE IN TONE
Freshettes Don Bright Footwear; Initiation Ended Friday Night

According to the traditions of the renowned Sophomores, the fair members of Class '32 have received their introduction to University regime.

In order to distinguish the new girls from the old, a costume was worn which was somewhat more conspicuous than that of last term. In this respect, it is safe to say that the Edmonton Cotton Distributors have received more patronage from University girls than on previous years. The service staff of Pembina was assisted considerably by the Freshettes, who so patiently submitted to

HILARIOUS NIGHT AT THEATRE PARTY

Vivacious Students Prove Too Much For Disgruntled Coon—Exciting Snake Dance

Lindberg might have come to Edmonton; the Prince of Wales might have got married, or the Freshmen might have been initiating Sophomores, judging from the uproar Thursday night. But it really was not anything like that. It was just Varsity Night at the Pantages theatre.

Early in the morning a feeling of suppressed excitement was quite evident. Freshmen gathered in groups and spoke in low, eager tones. Now and then a Sophomore joined them, and with much dignity answered any questions.

At last all were ready. They met outside, formed a line, and went "hip, hip," over to the theatre. Crowded street cars and crowded taxis passed them on their way. All were cheering, shouting, singing, making every kind of noise in true Varsity style.

Inside the theatre everything was bright and lively. Freshmen continued to "hip" Sophomores shouted, and even the Seniors forgot their dignity. Streamers were flying everywhere. Gliders were made from programs, and the air was full of harmless missiles. Songs were sung in utter confusion. One could frequently hear the final line, "She told me so," roared out as if it were all important, regardless of time, tune or harmony. In general, men and ladies sat in groups, but occasionally some romantic student entered with his lady friend. At such times the audience voiced its feeling of amazement by shouting, "Oh, oh, oh!" and "Atta boy, Jack."

Presently the orchestra entered, making their way to their places amid a shower of colored streamers. They evidently could not see the joke, and jerked the decorations from around them with evident impatience. Then they began to play, but amid the uproar no music could be heard. It looked just like a pantomime.

A man stepped out on the stage, opened his mouth, waved his hands, but no sound was heard. Another man came out. The result was no different. A lady began to dance to the accompaniment of bagpipes. The skirl of the pipes, the calls of the Freshmen, the songs of the Sophs produced amusing confusion.

One of the Freshies went on the stage and gave a very good dance, accompanied by bagpipes. There was a greater bombardment of streamers and gliders and the orchestra left. The manager appeared and threatened to close the show.

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PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

The first members' meeting will be held in Room 142 Medical Building, Wednesday, October 17, at 5 p.m. Tea will be served at 4:30 in Room 136 Medical Building. The speaker is to be Miss D. J. Dickie, of the Edmonton Normal School staff. Subject, "Historical Authorities for Protestant Martyrdoms."

Last year the membership of the society was 25 per cent. student. This year we should like to see a larger number of student members. The fee for students is 25 cents.

ARTS ENTRANCE TO BE REDECORATED

Scheme for Re-Decoration Calls For Artistic New Memorial Panels

The lobby in front of Convocation Hall is to be greatly improved in the near future. The University is indebted to Professor Burgess for the plan of re-decoration which will be carried out under his able supervision.

It is proposed to outline each panel with dark green, and to gild the moulding just inside of this. The four panels nearest the door are to be used as a service roll, containing a revised list of all University of Alberta students who served their country in the Great War. It is most fitting that no name is to be given more prominence than another. The list is alphabetical and neither ranks nor decorations are to be mentioned.

The whole will serve as a permanent reminder of the sacrifice of the four hundred and fifty-men who had to interrupt their preparation for a life work, and at the very least give some of the best years of their lives to their country.

The two end panels are to receive similar treatment and will be a service roll of professors who died in the service of the University.

This plan will do more than merely beautify the lobby. It will transform it into a permanent memorial, the beauty and happy conception of which more than justify the prominent place it occupies.

ARTS HIKE IS VOTED BEST YET

Many Eager Participants Enjoy Well Planned Programme

The Arts hike has once more passed into history with a host of pleasant memories. At 7:15 p.m., or thereabouts, the lads and lasses shoved off for parts unknown. After falling down banks and clutching frantically at escorts, the party wound up at a well chosen spot on the river bank. A fine healthy fire was blazing, and the prospect was indeed satisfying. One could frequently hear the final line, "She told me so," roared out as if it were all important, regardless of time, tune or harmony.

Presently the orchestra entered, making their way to their places amid a shower of colored streamers. They evidently could not see the joke, and jerked the decorations from around them with evident impatience. Then they began to play, but amid the uproar no music could be heard. It looked just like a pantomime.

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ADDRESSES CONVOCATION

CHANCELLOR RUTHERFORD
Who gave an address at the invocation of Dr. Wallace.

Initiation Night Replete With Many Untold Horrors

Freshmen Get the Limit on Friday Night—Upper Gym Witnesses Gruesome Ceremony as New Arrivals Are Welcomed to Varsity—Tub is Overcrowded

It has been said that the sorrows of the Children of Israel were as nothing compared to the tribulations of various Freshies last Friday evening. Local undertakers and insurance agents, and florists specializing in wreaths and crosses did a brisk trade during the days preceding the 5th, and by the time the day of doom had arrived were unable to fill the innumerable orders that continuously poured in.

Towards nine o'clock on the evening of the fatal day Edmonton mothers fondly bade farewell to their sons for what they possibly imagined would be the last time. One was even heard to remark, "Well, son, it's a good thing you studied Latin, as I have heard say it's dead language!"

The scene inside the lower gym at Athabasca Hall was reminiscent of the Calgary stockyards when the stock trains are being loaded for the west coast. Huddled together in positions of evident discomfort, some of the Freshies prayed for the hour to come; others maintained a stoic indifference that was admirable. Since they were blindfolded and thus unable to see, what thoughts their fertile imaginations must have produced!

What Happened in the Upper Gym

(As experienced by Gateway Reporter)

(Special to The Gateway)
After waiting for some time I was led, or rather forced, up a flight of stairs until I arrived at what I imagined was the brink of a precipice. Immediately upon arrival I was held by two pairs of brawny arms, swung twice in the air and then I fell—into a safety net! After having been tossed upwards several times I was led to a chair, but got up rather quickly, then I sat down, and commenced to walk away. Curiously enough, I found that I was forced to dance rather than walk, owing to an uncomfortable sensation in my feet at every step I took.

I was again forced to climb further dizzy heights (afterwards I found that I had been crawling along a ladder laid flat on the floor!), and at length arrived at a tunnel through which I crawled, being beaten the while by my torturers. Again I climbed upwards and all at once was given the order to jump. Luckily there was rope nearby, which some kind person put into my hands, and which perhaps saved me from an untimely end.

Through a succession of ingenious devices equalled only by the rack and

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association this fall will be in the nature of an informal dinner in Athabasca Lounge, Friday, October 12th, at 7 o'clock. Dr. Wallace will be present as guest of honor, and his Worship Mayor Bury will address the meeting.

THEOLOG CLUB

Dr. Wallace to Be Honorary President

One of the earliest clubs on the campus to get under way for the ensuing year is the Theologs' Club, which held its first general meeting for 1928-29 on Friday, October 5, in the theological classroom of St. Stephen's College. Most of last year's members and a number of Fresh additions were present when the retiring President, F. R. Harback, B.A., called the meeting to order at 4:30. Out of his experience in past years the chairman offered a few suggestions for the success of the club during this season, and then called for nominations for the new executive. Voting



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32026.

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A PROBLEM

The charge that educated young Canada of today is not interested in political affairs may or may not be true. If true, it is indeed a deplorable state of affairs, deplorable even though probably irremediable under existing conditions. These conditions are, of course, that politics does not offer a high enough monetary return to the average ambitious educated man.

But there is one question on the Canadian agenda today upon which every young Canadian should come to a decision. That is the years-old question of immigration. The thinking man, considering every angle of the problem, will find it a difficult one to decide. Canada very definitely needs population at once, to develop her tremendous natural resources. But the only way we can supply this need quickly is by completely letting down the immigration walls, and allowing all people, irrespective of race, creed or custom, to enter Canada. In the event of this policy, our nation would in a few years be a second United States, second heterogeneous mixture of races, with the consequent moral, judicial and political laxity which prevails there. However—we need immigration.

The alternative is an "All British"—or at least "All-Nordic"—Canada. The following of such a policy would ensure that Canada would attain her full development, much more slowly, but as a homogeneous British people, pure-blooded, actuated by British traditions, and determined to remain a part of the greatest force in the world—the British Empire.

What do you think?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

In his pre-election speech last spring, one of the candidates for the Presidency of the Students' Union said: "A general spirit of optimism is necessary if we are to reconstruct successfully our student government." We repeat those words now in the hope that they will determine many to get behind the leaders in this year's discussions. There is much work to be done. If the spirit of nagging and complaint which was so much in evidence last year—a spirit which attacked every move—be again manifested, we are bound to fail this year in the effort to adjust successfully our problems. It is imperative that each student acquaint him or herself with the facts, and come with constructive ideas to bolster up our tottering students' self-government.

The 1928-29 session cannot but be a portentous one in student affairs. Do your bit in helping to build up a strong, wide system of Students' Union government.

THEATRE NIGHT

One who has viewed the spectacle of theatre night for the past four years most fittingly describes these affairs as "uncomfortable." The various events that transpired on last Thursday night were—to put it mildly—uncomfortable. Tradition undoubtedly has a powerful influence on university life, but tradition, it seems, is a double-headed, or two-faced being, or monster, that leads either forwards or backwards according as the traditions are worthy or unworthy. The tradition of Theatre Night, questionable as it may previously have been, has now been embellished with the throwing of eggs, tomatoes, and other varieties of "missile-aneous" produce.

The culmination of the same type of tradition in the case of Med Night led to the Provost forbidding its continuance. This was done in the face of student government, or rather let us say, before the averted face of student government, as the students had failed to face the situation squarely. Theatre Night has reached the same threshold, and, if we wish to retain the event, the situation must be faced—by "someone."

Certainly it is no compliment to our institution if it can be said that we had to forego Theatre Night because we could not conduct our functions properly. Besides, Theatre Night could be, and should be, an occasion that would not only be enjoyable, but would bring credit rather than discredit from the overtown populace, and at the same time maintain all there is of honest enjoyment. Schemes are already being voiced with the intention of remodelling Theatre Night. Whether or not tradition will prove an unconquerable monster is not for us to pass upon, but it certainly seems evident that in its present form, Theatre Night is not in the best interests of the University and its members.

VENTILATION

The ventilating system of the Arts Building is truly marvellous, and its praises have been sung from year to year—not by the people who breathe the mythically fresh breezes, but by whom we do not know—probably the men who perfected the system.

We would humbly enquire whether modern engineering provides for a happy medium between the Black Hole of Calcutta and the frolicking breezes of the open prairie.

It may not be poor ventilation. It may be poor regulation of heat. After leaving a lecture room (if the windows have been closed), one's mouth feels full of dust, one's eyes are dry and heavy, and to sleep is a great ambition.

One cannot study well when lying on a feather bed before a gas fire. The heat (or air) in the Arts Building promotes that feather-beddy feeling. More work can be accomplished on a stone bench in damp cell. Perhaps it would be better to have the rooms a little on the cool side than the way they are at



Visitor (to host, after watching a Varsity couple in the contortions of a modern dance): "I say, old man, they marry after, don't they?"

* * *

Pet Aversions:

Co-eds with big brown eyes.
Co-eds with little brown eyes.
Co-eds with big blue eyes.
Co-eds with little blue eyes.
Co-eds.

* * *

More Aversions:

Men with big moustaches.
Men with little moustaches.
Men with black moustaches.
Men with light moustaches.
Men with no moustaches.

* * *

A Fish Story

A visitor at a famous bathing beach was astonished to find that all the men in the town had high falsetto voices. On inquiring into the reason for this—(Darn! I've forgotten now how this comes out! See Editor.)

* * *

It is rumored that several Freshmen, after Saturday's rugby game, wrote home that they had seen an aeroplane lay an egg.

* * *

Soph: "Why does an Englishman always tap a salt-shaker, and an American shake it?"

Fresh: "I'll bite."

Soph: "To get the salt."

* * *

Freshman: "What's the difference between 'oof' and 'oof oof'?"

Soph: "I'll bite."

Freshman: "Oof."

* * *

More Aversions:

"And how."
"It's a great life if you don't weaken."
"Imagine!"

"Why do you want to bring that up?"

"She was hot, see?"

"Such is life in the far west."

"I was out every night during the finals."

* * *

Did you hear about the man who took his girl out and gave her wine and nectar?

* * *

People we all know:

The man who drinks twenty-five beers in fifteen minutes.

The man who "never studies."

The Freshette who has never been kissed.

The man who says, "I sure told that guy off."

The man who, after his first drink, says: "I can lick any — guy in this place."

The man who was "on a wild party."

* * *

You can kid gloves and you can bull frogs, but you can't bean soup.

* * *

Animals can talk, too.—Ramsay MacDonald. (If you don't see that one, ask us.)

* * *

If there is any truth in a recent advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post to the effect that successful men wear garters, then Johnny Roule is destined for the heights of success. Ask those who saw him at the theatre party.

* * *

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she sure filled her hose.

* * *

And then we have the Sophomore who spent the summer trying to make money in Iceland selling icebergs to the Eskimos.

* * *

"Tevy" Teviotdale is at large again.

* * *

Mary had a little goat,
The goat had halitosis.

And everywhere the damn thing went

The people held their noses.

* * *

Charlie Simpson went on a hike last Tuesday.

present. It would reduce the fuel bill, and the government could spend the money thus saved in providing more heat for the Old Ladies' Home, where it would be more appreciated.

When a student snores at a lecture it is embarrassing both to him and his professor—and even the professors sometimes nod their heads.

GROWING PAINS

The registration of Freshmen for the present session reaches the imposing total of almost four hundred. Without any figures of comparison, it is obvious to any campus layman that this total far exceeds the registration of any previous year. If the aforementioned average layman has not heard of the exact number of registrations, he has doubtless been warned already that something is amiss at the University. Overcrowded lecture rooms and labs are the order of the day. Quite evidently there is not sufficient accommodation for the increased attendance. Rumor has it that hundreds of students were unable to secure rooms in residence. "Doubling up" was resorted to in Pembina, and still many of the fair co-eds were turned away. A growing need has been brought to a head—the University must be enlarged to meet the growth of the province, and appropriations for this improvement will eventually have to be made. The need, however, is here already—next year it will be more than a need at the present rate of increased registration. Appropriations for education are always difficult, when so many other urgent matters demand attention, but this problem, coming as it does during the same year that the provincial government has sold its railways for almost twenty-five million dollars, should make the plea more than ordinarily effective. Undoubtedly such a plea should be made, and the present seems an opportune moment to make it.



"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Each year, as the frost turns leaves to gold, and the champagne of Indian summer courses through the blood of all youngsters, hell is let loose in Edmonton for one night, and a few overtown citizens scurry for shelter from the bouncing exuberance of the cream of Alberta's intellect. The others stand by to applaud, or grin their approval. On the whole, the snake-dance is well conducted, and any unfortunate accidents that occur are caused independently of the leaders of the dance. A few self-determined car-drivers ignore the advice of the police or student leaders to detour along the by-streets, and suffer a buxom bouncing when they try to break the line. Their determination usually arises out of a feeling of impatience with these "irresponsible, baggy-trousered rabbish boys." If it should fail in all other respects, the snake-dance succeeds at least in its teaching of patience to a needy few, who draw down upon themselves the penalty of their intolerance. It is to be regretted, however, that property damage, however small, sometimes occurs on this university night, and the Students' Union might well devote a little of its time towards controlling against the possibility of such damage.

There are many people who know the University only by what they see at theatre night. Unfortunately, Varsity's only official visit to the city is rather a boisterous one. Falsey impressed people would do well to come and see us sometimes—at our debates, our lectures, and our plays. Only thus would they know our hospitality and our true decency.

—E. M. J.

EXCHANGES

"If—"

(To College Men, with Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)
If you could go to church, and not be spattered
With thought-ooze from a superstitious age;
If you could go, and not be told it mattered
That you believe the Bible's every page;
If you could go and not be forced to harken
To pious hokum, bluster, bunk and bluff,
To words that undertake the mind to darken
And teach that character and brains are not enough;
If you could go where truth is something holy—
And recognized whatever be its dress
Where every man of lofty state or lowly
Is rated by his traits of manliness;
If you could go where lightsome laughter
That has no cynic bite or bigot's hate,
Goes rippling up from pew to highest rafter—
For there you did not have to be sedate;
If you could go, and find that going paid you
More than some other things you might have done,
I think you'd say that church could really aid you.
And—what is more—you'd go to Church, my son!

—The Columbia Spectator.
(The above was written as a description of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York.)

A novel scoreboard, thirty feet in height, is to be used this year at Columbia University to enable the football patrons to follow the progress of the game. Numbers and letters used will be two feet high, and a complete lineup of both competing teams will be arranged on a horizontal line across the board with each position bearing the number of the player beneath it. Above the lineup is installed a device for indicating the position of the ball on the field, the yard line, the number of the down, the distance to be gained, and the name of the player carrying the ball, punting, receiving a pass, attempting to kick a field goal or trying for a goal after a touchdown.

Life

Well—well, the world must turn up on its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The King commands us, and the Doctor quacks us
The Priest instructs, and so our life exhales;
A little Breath, Love, Wine, Ambition, Fame,
Fighting, Devotion, Dust—perhaps a Name.

—Lord Byron.

The first fracas of the season between sophomores and freshmen to reach public attention occurred recently when a Japanese student, M. Akiyama became involved with five sophomores in regard to styles of wearing the conventional tie, and in the course of the argument is variously reported to have laid out cold from one to five. It is reported that Mr. Akiyama was set upon by five sophomores in an effort to shear his tie as a penalty for wearing it within his vest. They succeeded, but Mr. Akiyama, not versed in western ways, resented the attempt and laid about him with a few jiu-jitsu (in which he is an expert), and knocked out one of the sophomores.—The Varsity.



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ENGINEERING STUDENTS

GET YOUR

T-S

HOMEWORK IN HADES

Scene: Elysian Fields, Hades. Dramatic Personae: Livy and Tacitus collaborating over an English Prose.

Livy: Umgubus usores lamboni sor- stin. (This is conversational Latin, but the writer can't keep it up very intelligibly). Isn't it a beastly shame we have to learn English. I think Latin would do quite as well, but since the English have practically overrun the Lower World I suppose we'll have to speak it soon. Such awful words they have and no cases practically, so you can't possibly say where anything belongs. Why couldn't they stick to Latin. There was no sense changing after we taught them so much of it.

Tacitus: Oh, I don't mind much. When writing of Agricola I got rather interested in Britain. But to think those barbarians should lord it over us. It really is too much. Well, let's get to business. This prose Caesar gave us looks pretty stiff. Funny that a soldier should be our teacher. Of course he was the first Roman to be interested in the country, and now I really think he can speak their language as well as any of them.

Livy: Do you think he'll accuse us of collaborating if we do it together? Tacitus: Oh, I don't think so. After we've done it we can each change a sentence here and there. You know our styles were ever so different in the upper regions. It's bound to affect our English too, though we are supposed to read Addison and copy him for style. He's a kind of classic, I think. I'm sure people would never speak like that.

Livy: You never can tell with these barbarian languages. For goodness sake let's get to work. Look at all the time we've wasted, and I promised to have a game of knuckle-bones with Cicero. Let's see the prose.

Tacitus: Here it is. (reading) Wellingtonius illum dux Britannorum, post bellum Hispaniae. This first sentence isn't too bad. I think I can translate it right off. You have the grammar and dictionary, haven't you? I have the tablets and a stylus. Well, here goes (writing) —Wellingtonius leader Britons.

Livy: That's not it; there's no ending on Wellingtonius, it's just Wellington.

Tacitus: Oh, yes; and there's a funny little mark to show Britons is genitive. Britons, isn't it? How do you translate post bellum Hispaniae?

Livy: Let's see. Bellum is war, and post is after or afterwards; they like complicated words. Let's use afterwards; "words" probably strengthens "after" anyway. Dash it all, they don't give proper names here. I think "Spainia" or something like that means Hispania. So far we've got: Wellington, leader Britons' (does the comma at the top of Britons go before or after the "s"?).

Tacitus: It's plural when it comes

Pegasus Retires

Ah, Pegasus, alas! Put off thy wings! No need for thee to leap From here to yonder mountain steep, Or over ocean's smiling treachery deep. Now mayst thou lay aside thy wings As useless things, And feed thee quietly in the pasture grass.

For I have seen Fresh couriers of the air, The masters of thy windy secrets, grass. Their level wings, and bear Aloft a freight of minstrelsy And human hopeful message, more Than ever poets did commit to thee Destined for some far-distant Golden Shore.

No more will men require Thy hoofs of brass, thy wings of fire. The heart of man, his temperate will, has now prevailed To lift him o'er the highest hill; He now has sailed In splendor through the tempest's ire; He knows the look of earth's broad pleasant face, And finds and feels the nothingness of space.

Thy work is done, Betake thee to thy bin and trough. Others will carry on Now that thou leavest off. New steeds will brave the unknown dare, And thread the clean, clean crevices of air. Roam thou at large, Thou hast thine honorable discharge; Thy race is run, But theirs, in fullness of their time, begun.

—CHAS. C. BUTTERWORTH.

after, I think.

Livy: Wellington leader Britons' afterwards war Spainia's.

Tacitus: You can change the words around a bit, can't you? It would make it more vivid. Let's put afterwards Spainia's war. I'm sure you can.

Livy: That makes Britons' and Spainia's very near together. Let's change Britons' instead.

Tacitus: That will be—Wellington, Britons' leader afterwards war Spainia's. Yes, that doesn't sound so monotonous.

Livy: I suppose we'd better put the main verb next. They always put it in a weird place where there is no emphasis. Let's see, it's advent.

Tacitus: Advent—there's an English verb like that. I saw it the other day. Let's use it instead of looking everything up. What was it now? Oh, yes—adventure.

Livy: It's past time. They add a "t" for past time, don't they? (writing) Afterwards war Spainia's adventure.

Tacitus: Isn't this a bore. (General concurrence of writer and reader with dramatis personae.)

Livy: Let's finish this clause. We have to make about four sentences out of one of our anyway. Let's stop at the end of this. I haven't time for any more at present. This makes me quite thirsty. Have you a goblet of nectar handy by any chance?

Tacitus: By Pollux, you can wait a while, can't you? We should do a little more. What's the English for "facio"?

Livy: Do or make. That's past time too, isn't it? You add "ed" if the "e" isn't already there, don't you? That would be "doed." It doesn't look quite right, but let's leave it, anyway.

Tacitus: I've worked out the next part: Wellington Britons' leader afterwards war Spainia's to Gaul adventured and supplements having been missed, battle there doed. My vocabulary is increasing, isn't it? I remember supplements from supplementum or auxilium, and missed from mitto.

Livy: I'm sure we should put in an article some place. You know they always use something like that. "The" isn't it? I suppose it can go in before battle.

Tacitus: All right. (writing) Been missed and the battle there doed.

Livy: But it's "integro" auxilio—what is the English for integro? We'd better look it up.

Tacitus: Don't bother with it. It will be more vivid if they have to use their imaginations. What comes next?

Livy: By Hercules, I haven't time for any more now. I see Cicero over there waiting for me. I don't want him to fire a Philippic against me. That's all right for one sentence. We can do the rest another cycle. Caesar won't mind if we hand it in late.

—St. Hilda's Chronicle.

JUST FOLKS

By H. G. S.

It was a chilly day on the St. Lawrence and on shipboard there was nothing much to admire but the fog. Suddenly a colorful spot appeared on the horizon to brighten our outlook.

Fascinated, we gazed at this woman who could crack her gum, blow her smoke into rings, and carry her "make-up" more efficiently than anyone we had ever imagined. Her interests were indeed varied, but beside her one transcending accomplishment all others paled. She was, without exception, the most brilliantly-hued woman ever in captivity. Some genius whispered "Sunset," and Sunset she remained.

Sunset had evidently appropriated most of the family energy, and all of its rouge. For Sunset's sister was wan and insipid, and shone purely by a reflected glory. "Evening Star," we chorused as soon as our eyes were sufficiently accustomed to the dazzling light to discern her pale radiance.

Now Sunset had a husband. The celestial beings, already described, were shadowed by an attentive individual in plus fours, a model of punctilious courtesy, and apparently inseparable. He made an admirable background, and should have been christened "The Dark."

"Sunset and Evening Star And after that The Dark."

In all my autumn dreams, A future summer gleams, Passing the fairest glories of the present.

—George Arnold.

THE PHANTOM OF FEAR

BY LEROV

De Maupassant tells the story of a French courtier who, though he had never fought a duel in his life, was renowned throughout France as a virtuoso with either the rapier or the pistol. He sat before his fire-place one evening, and as he thought over the events of the day which had involved him in his first affaire d'honneur, he abstractedly toyed with the pistol with which he expected to meet his adversary in the gray light of the coming dawn. As he mused there alone, he reflected with pride on past deeds of glory in his family's history, and on a name which for four centuries had been a pseudonym for courage.

Suddenly, like cold fingers reaching at his heart, came the thought—"This is my first actual duel. Suppose I should waver. Suppose the excitement of the moment, or my too eager resolution to shoot quickly and straight, should overcome the accumulated traditions of the centuries and cause my eye to falter, or my hand to shake. Suppose I, the keenest duellist of the century, should disgrace my name! I am not afraid. Impossible! But suppose I should be afraid!"

Fascinated by the terrible thought as a hare is fascinated by a snake, the scion of the noblest blood of France worked himself into a paroxysm of worry. Then, a pallor spreading over his face, he fell into a deep reverie.

Of a sudden, he arose from his chair. Afraid of being afraid, the greatest duellist of the age seized his pistol, placed it to his head, and shot himself.

DENOUEMENT

(In view of the fact that the Manitoba Varsity Buildings are spread all over the city of Winnipeg, the following selection from *The Manitoban* is rather appropriate.)

Alma Mater
(To the tune of "Mandalay")

I
Oh, between the jail and court-house, and the Government garage, In the dear old Law Courts building, in its red brick camouflage, Is our dear old Alma Mater, like a phoenix in the dust. But there ain't no signs of risin', for the Government is bust:

Chorus:

Oh, the Legislators bray, It's a governmental trait, Though we'd like to boot their trou- ers right from here to Mandalay, And we live from day to day, In our semi-decent way, And we can't improve our buildings till the Government will pay.

II

Oh, they won't provide new buildings, it's their temperamental way, So they build us plaster castles for our TEMPORARY stay. And we have our little playgrounds on the soon-to-be-a-Mall. Between the governmental motors, we run and climb and crawl.

Chorus: Oh, the Legislators, etc.

III

Oh, they took a million dollars, for the governmental thirst, But we wish that in their kindness, they would give us buildings first. For they take their Pine-to-Palm trips, and they spend it on the roads, But they won't give cash to students, though they give us bull in loads. Chorus: Oh, the Legislators, etc. (Reprinted from the Freshman supplement.)

Reconciliation

After harsh words be said Let speaking cease Gather the spoken with dead Into Thine endless Peace. Solace the sorrowed hearts Wearyed by ways and marts, Lend Thou a helping hand That we—may—understand.

—O. R. W.

Many girls are getting men's wages nowadays—but then, they always have.

tension into a thousand iridescent particles which grew dim with the smoke in the rafters.

Then it grew low and soft as if searching memories which had been laid away, still softer but a gentler surer note—childhood in his native Brittany, sun soaked days, contentment and the future like the sky on a spring morning.

The music grew golden but with undertones of grey—Brittany from the hilltops with purple vistas of what lay beyond.

And then the grey darkened, the room was forgotten and only utter loneliness, defeat and longing sang forth; the long years of exile, the bit-

THE DANCER

Clashing music hushed to haunting whispers, Dazzling lights dimmed to a caressing glow, Then—like a silver star, Shooting across the dark firmament of her curtain— The dancer flashes.

—K. Y.

terness of hatred. The cloaked figure in the centre raised his arm and fired. The violin fell shattered to the floor, splintered beneath the crumpled figure.

—H. O.

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SPORTS



Interfaculty Track Meet Sees Many Records Shattered

Annual Field Day a Big Success—Pharmedents Win Again—Cockle and Wright Take Individual Honours—Team Chosen for Intercollegiate Meet

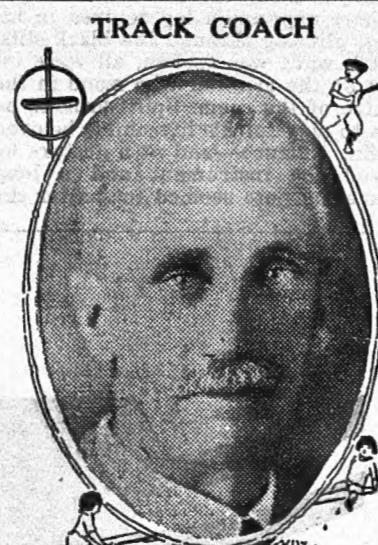
Interfaculty records, Provincial records, W.C.I.A.U. records, all were hard hit on Tuesday at the Annual Interfaculty Track and Field Meet. Never in the annals of sporting history has there been such an orgy of record-breaking. No less than eleven interfaculty records, one Provincial record and three W.C.I.A.U. records were either surpassed or equalled by the men during the day. And the women in their interyear competition were not far behind. At least four interyear records, one Provincial and one W.C.I.A.U. mark hit the dust when the girls got going. It was a wonderful day!

The Pharmedents

Contrary to general expectation, the Pharmedents were never closely challenged throughout the day for the interfaculty championship and

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(Continued on page six)



TRACK COACH

WM. T. TAIT

The Archibald West trophy which goes with it. Even with the aid of the renowned Harold Wright, who won every event in which he was entered, the Ag-Sci combination failed to overtake the medicos, and Arts-Com-Law were at no time able to climb out of the cellar. With Cut-sungavich, Cockle, Werthenbach, Glasgow, Lyons, all at the top of their form, the knife-wielders took the lead from the start and were never headed. When the noon recess was called the score stood at: Pharmedents 28, Ag-Sci 13, Arts-Com-Law 12; and when the last contest was ended at five o'clock, this had advanced to: Pharmedents 65, Ag-Sci 37, Arts-Com-Law 28. For the third successive year, the Archibald West trophy is due to rest in Pharmedent safe-keeping. And those who watched the meet will say that it could not be in better hands.

Revenge

The lowly Arts-Com-Law boys, who occupied the tail end of the scoring, did manage to achieve some measure of revenge before the day was done. In the last event of all, the Men's Interfaculty Relay, the Arts-Com-Law team, consisting of Lyle Pearlman, Hugh Miller, Clarence Cook, and Tom Stanley, showed their heels to the others in the fast time of 1:40 3-5. This time, by the way, set a new interfac. record, the best previous

coach of the University track team is a brother of the famous Jack Tait, a wonderful athlete, who held the record for the Canadian mile run for twelve years. Coach Tait himself accompanied the Canadian Olympic team to London in the 1908 Olympiad. He is a coach of Buster Brown, present high school student and future Varsity sprint prospect. Brown took part at the Olympic trials in Toronto in 1927, and at the trials held at the "Ambitious City" this year, and is the 1927 Alberta sprint champion. This is Coach Tait's third year with the University of Alberta track team. He was overseas with the C.E.F. and connected with the Y. M. C. A. sports over there. With the good-looking track material on hand this Fall and an A-1 coach, Alberta's chances are indeed of the oft-proclaimed rosee hue.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS ORGANIZE

On October 4th the Women's Athletic Association met for the purpose of electing two members to the Executive and making appointments of managers. Vera Palmer, the president, was in the chair. The executive for the coming year is as follows:

President: Vera Palmer.
Vice-President: K. Esch.
Sec.-Treas.: Helen Higgs.
Manager Hockey: Dot Sproule.
Manager Senior Basketball: Gladys Fry.
Manager House League Basketball: Bert Strangways.
Manager Track: Ethel Barnett.
1st Year Rep.: Vada McMahan.

WOMEN'S ATHLETICS SET TRACK HISTORY

Eventful Day For Women at Tuesday's Track Meet—Records Shattered

The organized finishing and training among the women athletes this fall is a matter for congratulation and comment. The situation on the morning of Field Day was, for the first time in years, such that prophecies could be backed by cold facts that came to light during a period of real preparation. Gladys Fry was back better than ever, and in fine form. Gwen Roxburgh was discovered and made her record. Ethel Barnett, though maimed by a mean charley horse, was a formidable contestant. The javelin and discus events, while announced as dangerous to onlookers, weren't nearly as much as in the hands of the novices of last year. Records were broken, even as was expected—and here are the figures to be considered:

In the forenoon, the heats of the hundred-yard dash were run off with 13 seconds flat for Gwen Roxburgh and Gladys Fry second.

In the broad jump the interfaculty meet record of 14ft. 3in. went up to 14ft. 7 1/4 in. when the versatile Gwen topped the bar, with Ethel Barnett second and Gladys Fry third.

Honors in the discus throw came to Gladys with a distance of 66ft. 11 1/2 in. Vera Palmer was second and Vada McMahan third.

The W.C.I.A.U. record for the 100 yards used to be 13 seconds—but it is clipped to 12 3-5. And Gwen Roxburgh is responsible. Miss Humphries came in second and Gladys next.

Gladys starred in the high jump with 4ft. 6 1/4 in., a quarter of an inch short of the former Alberta record, which she herself established.

Gladys did not attempt to better this height, for the 220-yard dash was approaching on schedule. Ethel Barnett and Babe Belanger, senior high school champion, took second and third place.

Doris Calhoun hurled the javelin for a distance of 91 feet. The W.C.I.A.U. record is 94ft. 2in. There may be reason to expect that this distance will be bettered soon, very soon. Gladys Fry was second and Ursula McLatchie third in this event.

In the 220-yard dash the flying feet of Gwen Roxburgh tumbled another record. She made it in 28 3-5, and the W.C.I.A.U. record is 30 1-5. Gladys Fry was second and Miss Humphries third.

The Junior relay team took the honors which historically have become attached to the Fresh team. But what else can one anticipate when Gladys and Ethel, Dot Sproule and Margaret Crang are that Junior team. The Soph and Fresh arrived as indicated—and even the Seniors had a team entered, or rather conscripted.

Gladys Fry, with a total of 17 points, is eligible for the Bakewell Cup; Gwen Roxburgh came a close

VARSITY TRACK TEAM DEPARTS

Alberta Contingent, Seventeen Strong, Leaves for Winnipeg Today

At 3 p.m., on the Confederation Limited, the strongest team to ever represent Alberta on the track leaves the C.N.R. station to attempt to lift the Cairns trophy from the University of Manitoba and bring it back to Edmonton. Coach Tait, of the Alberta team, is unable to accompany the athletes, but his valuable assistance as trainer and coach will not be forgotten.

Who will represent Alberta at this important meet? Will this year's team give Manitoba as close a run as last year? Can Alberta win? Let us look at the personnel of the team, and then we shall be more in a position to answer these questions. This year, as in no other year, Alberta sends a women's team as well as a men's to the Western Canada meet. Eight men and four women will constitute Alberta's contributions. The men are: Len Cockle, Mickey Crockford, Bill Cut-sungavich, Bill Glasgow, Ben Lyons, Norman McLeod, Fritz Werthenbach, Harold Wright. And the women: Ethel Barnett, Doris Calhoun, Gladys Fry, Gwen Roxburgh. Sounds like a formidable aggregation, and it is.

Len Cockle, Mickey Crockford and "Cuts" Cut-sungavich need no introduction to us. They are veterans who have weathered more than one W.C.I.A.U. meet, and they can be expected to produce the goods on Saturday. Cockle is a sure winner of the javelin throw; he broke his own W.C.I.A.U. record for the event on Tuesday. Mickey and "Cuts" are showing great form at the middle distances, and the records in these events are just about due to smash on Saturday. Glasgow is a lad who has shown remarkable speed in the sprints. He will be a valuable right-hand man for Wright, Alberta's glorious hope in the dashes. Ben

(Continued on page six)

SPORTING SLANTS

Thirteen interfaculty records gone west! Might as well have broken the other nine, boys. Hearty congratulations.

We see where Sam McCoppin will be forced into bankruptcy, with such a raft of free dinners to provide.

Wright, we're proud of you! Three records and a fourth equalled is indeed a notable addition to Alberta track history.

As for "Cuts"—three new records and the prettiest running form of the meet—and his triumphs well-deserved, to boot—well done!

Varsity's individual champions? Cockle and Wright, a tie; Glad Fry, the high-jump queen.

Again the Pharmedents win the Archibald West cup. Incidentally, their aggregate was the sum of the rest put together!

Attaboy, Reg! Few could have put over a track meet in the style that you did. Accept our thanks, O. "Fleetfoot" Hamilton.

Better wire Winnipeg to send on the Cairns trophy without further ado. If we don't win it this year . . .

Bravo! Rugby lads! 'Twas a right noble victory you won last Saturday. The Green and White had better hunt elsewhere for her victims.

Not a man got through you on Hess' kicks! Some defence!

Seemed to us, though, that too many Sask. men got down under Dempster's punts.

"Barnie" made the touchdown—but we can thank Timothy for the run that made it possible. Talk about your Flying Mercuries! And how he did tackle!

Sorry you were hurt, Gus. The way you smeared 'em around was a real treat.

As for Hess—his trusty boot put despair into the hearts of Sask. Many were the previous yards he saved us.

Who will win the Interfac. Rugby League? "We will!" reply three enthusiastic teams. First game on Friday, gang—don't miss it!

second with 15 points. For a number of years it has been a Freshette who energetically piles up the winning total. Indeed, Gladys did it first in her Freshman year—but she's done it again—and some more traditions are upset.

The girls acknowledged gratefully the untiring efforts of C. Taylor, Reg. Hamilton and Len Cockle, who in close co-operation with the Executive have given invaluable assistance during the period of training.

When the Alberta women's track team arrives at the W.C.I.A.U. meet in Winnipeg it will probably include Gwen Roxburgh, Gladys Fry, Ethel Barnett and Doris Calhoun. Limited funds prevent the entry of a larger team, but Dot Sproule and Margaret Kinney are among the competitors who could qualify if finances were a little more easily managed.

Another Great Rugby Battle—Varsity Meets Eskimos Saturday

Will be Second Meeting of the Two Teams This Season—Inter-collegiate Track Results to be Broadcasted at Game

Saturday, and another rugby game at the grid. The coming Saturday, October 13, at the usual time of 3 p.m., the University of Alberta rugby team clashes with the Eskimos from over the river in what promises to be one of the best gridiron battles of the season. These same teams met two weeks before in the initial game of the season, and the Varsity aggregation took the short end of a 5-1 score. But plenty has happened since then: the Eskimos lost to Calgary Tigers 18-4, while Varsity defeated the University of Saskatchewan 8-1. From these facts it will be seen that the Varsity squad that meets the Eskimos this Saturday will be a much improved team compared with the team that stacked up against them two weeks ago. With

Coach Sterling putting the boys through their paces every night at the grid the Green and Gold clad warriors are going to be more than tough to send down to defeat.

Eskimos Not Downhearted

Despite the fact that the Eskimos were crushed by the heavy Tiger machine at Calgary they are not downhearted. They have lost the services, through injury, of one of their best linemen, Forin, but Coaches Wark and Brown have enlisted the services of three players who have not as yet played with the Eskimos this season. One of their men to watch will likely be Bill Pullishy, former Varsity rugby star, who will probably be seen in a blue and white uniform on Saturday. From the Varsity camp comes the news that "Mickey" Timothy may not play. If he is not in uniform it will not help the Green and Gold, but we hope for the best. Otherwise the team is all set and ready for the whistle, and anyone who wants to see a real battle should be at the grid on Saturday afternoon.

Track Results

Results of the standings of the track teams at the Intercollegiate meet at Winnipeg will be announced at intervals throughout the game.

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JOE MALONEY

NOTES ON NIGERIA

(The following "Notes on Nigeria" come from the pen of Wm. L. McDonald, who graduated in Applied Science in '23. Bill left Canada last March, and arrived in Nigeria on the west coast of Africa, in April, after a six week's trip via London, Eng. While in Nigeria he is engaged in geological work. The opening is a description of the trip from London on the S.S. Accra, and was mailed at Freetown, Sierra Leone.)

We are calling at Freetown in the morning, and it will be a welcome break in the life of this boat. For ages we have been sailing on a great sheet of brass. Not a ripple on the water and not a living creature in sight. We did have some rough weather for the first three days out, but at the Canary Islands the sea changed to a mill pond. The islands were wonderful; the next land sighted was at Dakar in the French Sene-gal. A few palm trees on the horizon was the extent of our view. Next we called at Bathurst, Gambia. There we found swarms of blacks, and took a crowd of them on board for down the coast. White men don't work below Sierra Leone.

These natives are a degenerate lot and appear to be a mixture of all races. I expect the boat will be in an uproar for the next few days, for they can talk, if nothing else. At present they are fixing a canvas swimming tank on the deck, so we shall have some diversion tonight. I don't know the exact temperature, but even a bathing suit feels like a fur coat. Shades of my summers in the Arctic!

(The next was written from Jos, 750 miles in the interior of Nigeria, after landing at the port of Lagos.)

Stoke-hole of the World

Well, I certainly did not have much comfort until I reached here. Lagos is the stoke-hole of the world, and twenty-four hours in it was my limit. All that coast region reeks with the stench from blacks, and the vapor rising from the rotten soil. Here we get mail three times a month—this is written to connect with the homeward voyage of the S.S. Accra, provided there is anything left of it to sail. Perhaps one cannot get blood from a stone, but it was so infernally hot on that boat during the last week on board that I swear the steel plates were perspiring.

I was under the impression that since this country is administered by the British that it would be half-way modern; but, believe this or not: there is actually only one place in the whole of Nigeria where one can get a meal except at some private residence. That is at the Bonanza Hotel in Lagos. If you can get on the right side of some black by bribery he will serve you a third-rate meal

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road and two such rivers to cross. I had six natives with me, and in the wild rush some were thrown out, and two did not arrive in camp for three days. The Ford was true to its name, and made the last stream, though it was, at the time, over two feet deep. The natives have great respect for the truck, and accord it the greatest deference. No matter how rough the country, they like to ride in it.

Here at Jos, thanks to the altitude, the days are hot only between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. The nights are cool, and one can sleep in comfort. Some of my trips have taken me to much lower levels, and 2,000 feet lower puts one over the central heating plant for hell. Anywhere a bath can be had by stepping out-of-doors after rain, when every depression in the rocks is filled with nice warm water. However, I notice that one must bathe in quite warm water or the muscles in one's legs and arms will twitch for hours afterwards. But any water that lies in the sun for just a short time reaches proper temperature, for it is usually well over 100° in the shade every day. At low altitudes if it goes down to 80° we are lucky, but at Jos the nights are bearable, around 65°.

In travelling about I find the food is very bad. I should have brought my supplies from Canada. All that we can buy here is the very poorest. Their sole adornment was a piece of string for a belt, with once in a while a few leaves tied at the back, for it is fly season. When we tried to take some snaps of them, they all hid behind cactus plants like partridges.

The Hausa tribe are of the Arabic type and have fine features. They are the merchants and traders, and are far superior to the other tribes.

The Fulani, or ranchers, have coarser features, but not the thick lips and flat faces of the negroes. These last two tribes are Mohammedans and wear long flowing robes. They have the disconcerting habit of prostrating themselves whenever they observe that a white man passes. The Pagans look more animal than human: travel single file on the roads and look neither to the right nor left, nor speak to anyone except members of their own tribe, unless they wish to sell something.

For the present I am living in a mud and grass hut, and have a cook, steward-boy and interpreter. We eat five times a day, or at least the others do. Tea at 6:30, breakfast at 8:30, lunch 12 noon, tea at 4:30 and dinner at 8 p.m. Don't prospectors have a hard life?

We have our daily entertainment, called tropical rains. It doesn't really rain: a sheet of water falls, and the whole country is flooded. Then the water simply rushes down the valleys.

Most of the stream beds are absolutely dry except for a few hours after the deluge, but it is nothing to see a river several hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep raging down a valley that was entirely dry a few hours previously.

A Ford in Africa

Our Ford truck is the wildest thing in Nigeria. Last week one of the cloudbursts occurred, and I found myself seven miles from home with no

The Edge of Sahara

On one trip we wandered to the north of Nigeria along the south edge of the Sahara. The temperature was not nearly so bad as I had anticipated, but plenty of rain and wind. Kano is just on the edge of the desert and is known as "The Walled City of the Soudan"; it is the southern end of the great caravan routes. That country is practically flat, with good dry-weather motor roads. While there the son of the Emir of Kano came along and had dinner with me; he is an Oxford graduate.

After leaving Kano we worked back into the bush country again. I found it much more interesting than farther south. There the natives are all Hausa and Fulani and are very hospitable to strangers. Every village near which I camped sent its retinue to greet me. These parades were headed by the Saraki or King in long flowing robes, bringing a present, or "dash", of chickens, eggs, corn and peanuts. In turn I was expected to give him a dash also, but not openly. I usually gave his headman several shillings, and he in turn passed them on to the Saraki.

The Pig's Eye

Do you remember, children, perhaps with a little catch in the throat, the days when road shows were musical comedies and not problem plays? Can you recall "No, No, Nanette," "The Gingham Girl," and a dozen others? There, there was perfection! The song and dance man in the startling check suit—the blonde third from the right—the magnificent creature with the fan—all, all are gone. We don't go to shows any more for enjoyment. We must solve a problem. Who shot the butter and egg man in the back pantry?—should he return the roadster?—what happened at Mayfair? You get the idea? We thought not.

And yet, what would we not give for a real show, even the kind that lying theatrical publicity men call "a bevy of beauties"? Just to loll back in our seat and see a panorama of pep and pulchritude—the roll of traps—the flawless rhythm of the tap dancer—all the gorgeous glitter and priceless buffoonery. Tears blind us. To horse! To horse!

* * *

We have had rather a surfeit of war pictures of late. We have, in our own modest way, reviewed about a dozen in the last eight months. They started with "The Big Parade" and proceeded more or less jerkily through the orange groves of California until we now have "Dawn" and "Mademoiselle from Armentiers," or words to that effect. We don't know yet how to spell that darn word. Of course the latter two are British productions and have little to do with Hollywood. Yet the basic ideas are the same. Who won the war? The Eskimo, say we. They had the least to do with it.

Now there is some excuse for war pictures featuring battles of a century ago. They were rather entertaining things then. No gentleman would mind being decently shot through the head in a scarlet coat and pipe clay belt to the tune of the fife and drum. But shrapnel is not the sweetest kind of music and gas poisoning one of the least attractive of deaths. Therefore, say we, if we must look at wars let us have nice showy ones with plenty of gold lace and powdered wigs. They might stimulate recruiting at least. We enjoyed Griffith's "Drums of Love" immensely, mainly for that reason. The plot wasn't much, but the photography was wonderful. "Beau Brummel," a story of English military and civil life in the time of the Prince Regent was the most beautiful picture we have ever seen. Of course John Barrymore made it to a great degree, but he had every opportunity. Then hey for the shako and the sabre. They beat the liquid fire and vitriol a hundred ways.

—H. D. S.

"SHARKING IN EASTERN SEAS"

By H. N. May

"Shark ho!" yells the bos'n. Immediately the previously peaceful scene becomes animated. Here and there men spring to the bulwarks, others running to the fo'c'sle for sheath knives. Twisting and turning under the glassy swell is a man-eater! Its contortions in endeavoring to rid itself of the hook are little short of amazing.

Meanwhile the boatswain is busy with a wire noose, so arranged as to slip over the brute's tail. "Tail first" is the original and most satisfactory method of bringing such monsters aboard ship. A seaman is already at the winch, and the bos'n having deftly "lassoed" the shark, reverses gear, and the wire draws taut. As the great fish is lowered to the deck all hands have to stand clear, as one swing of the shark's "after end," even though the greater part of its body is under control of the wire, might easily maim a man for life.

On the last successful occasion that

THE VISIONARY

I heard the hissing arrows,
Flying—flying,
I saw the scattered warriors fall
Dying—dying;
The blade gleam redly in the sun
And the Reaper toil till his work was
done
And his sheaves lay marshalled, row
on row—
Stooks, fresh bound, he had placed
them so;
I saw them there,
Standing there
In my dreams.

I saw the writhing slaughter
Flowing—flowing,
I heard the tramp of battle
Blowing—blowing,
The downtown rising against his lord
And the foemen comrades upon the
sword
Where the Reaper had placed them,
each to the others—
Life saw them foes, but Death made
them brothers—
I saw them there,
Lying there
In my dreams.

I saw the plains and the harvested
Ruin
Pass away;
The blood pools dry in the risen sun
Of a newer day
And the crop that was sown from the
Reaper's hand
Fresh and green on the furrowed
land;
Peace, fair Peace, on the earth again
Risen to cover the graves of men—
I saw her there,
Divinely fair
In my dreams.

—O. R. WRAY.

sharks, which may be distinguished by long dorsal fins, sometimes attain a length of fifty feet. Fortunately, the larger sharks have small teeth, the more ferocious species varying from six to twenty feet in length. Walking sticks can be fashioned from the backbones of sharks, in fact, our ship's landtrimmer attempted to carve one from part of our own particular captive, and a grim enough curio it looked when finished. Port Sudan, on the Arabian coast, is noted for its harbors, in which there are literally swarms of man-eaters; but the natives appear to thrive on their presence, as the number of curios fashioned from the monsters' bodies, which they sell, testifies.

Cambodian Dancers

A weaving band of gold—
Gold rings, gold cloth and gold of
soft warm skin
Bathed in the golden rays of noonday
sun,
Gold, weaving out a patterned story,
ages old;
A dance their thousandth forebear
may have done;
Fashioning a brocade, warping out
and in,
Fair to the eyes—
Love dance of mysteries
Yet we—a colder people—call it sin.
—O. R. WRAY.

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ANOTHER GREAT RUGBY BATTLE, VARSITY MEETS ESKIMOS SATURDAY

(Continued from page four)

fence, but were kept on the defensive most of the game repelling the stubborn attacks launched by Varsity, and they made a good job of it at that. However, the repeated hammering of the Green and Gold athletes finally told on Saskatchewan, and the team sagged just long enough to enable the local students to pull out a win. As a result Saskatchewan has yet to win a rugby game from Alberta on a local field.

Varsity Much Improved

Both teams presented very strong defences, so that the scoring was kept down until the end. The University of Alberta team looked like an entirely different team from the team which lost to the Eskimos last Saturday; their tackling and interference was A-1, and the same Eskimos had better look to their laurels this coming Saturday. Coach Wally Sterling certainly deserves congratulations for the improved showing made by the team.

The Green and White team did not present a sufficiently strong offensive to garner more points. Their backs were not very successful and their extension plays were smeared time and again before they could get under way, but all the same they put up a great fight, which made the game a good one to watch.

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STUDENTS' SOCIAL

Know United Church is issuing invitations to a Students' Social in the schoolroom of the Church, on Friday evening, October 12th, at eight o'clock, to honor United Church students of the Freshman class, whose homes are out of town. Other out-of-town students of the Freshman class who would like to attend will be cordially welcomed, and these are asked to kindly accept this announcement as their invitation.

INVOCATION OF NEW PRESIDENT

(Continued from page one)

University of Minnesota, Mt. Allison University, University of New Brunswick, University of Ottawa, Queen's University, University of Saskatchewan, St. Francis Xavier, St. Michael's College, Toronto, University, Trinity College, University of Western Ontario, University of Wisconsin.

The Chancellor introduced Dr. MacLean, President of the University of Manitoba, to the audience. Dr. MacLean, in his short address, replete with humorous classical allusions, praised the people of Alberta for the wisdom and sagacity which they had shown in their choice of Dr. Wallace as successor to Dr. Tory. There was none on the continent to whom he must stand junior in his chosen activities. In closing, he extended congratulations from his province to Dr. Wallace on achieving this new distinction.

Dr. Murray, speaking for the twin sister University of Saskatchewan, praised the work of Dr. Tory as a pioneer. It was our fortune to obtain a worthy successor to him, one who could grapple with the new problems as they arose.

Here was one, he naively remarked, who, by reason of his Scotch birth, was remarkably endowed to achieve economy. Furthermore, he was a man of great sympathies and abilities, skilled in research work and capable of meeting the demands of science in the years to come.

Convocation Address

The Hon. R. B. Bennett, on whom the honorary degree of LL.D., was conferred, was introduced by Chief Justice Harvey, and received his new

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VARSITY TRACK TEAM DEPARTS

(Continued from page four)

Lyons has shown his stuff before in the pole vault and the high jump, and will likely add valuable points to Alberta's total. Fritz will have the 120-yard high hurdles with no trouble at all; like Len, he broke his own record in his favorite event on Tuesday... And to round out the team we have McLeod, a valuable utility man who seems to be equally good at the weight events and the middle distances. Altogether they are a well-balanced and capable crew, these boys who will uphold the honour of Alberta on Saturday. We'll back you to the limit, boys!

The Ladies

The first girls' track team ever to travel to a W.C.I.A.U. meet is a strong one too. Gladys Fry was individual champion of the interyear meet, and has all round abilities, sprints, weight events and jumps alike. Gwen Roxburgh is the new sprinting sensation. She made records fly right and left on Tuesday. Ethel Barnett is a sprinter and jumper of much note. And Doris Calhoun seems to be sure of points in the javelin. Alberta's girls won the W.C.I.A.U. meet here last year. We fully expect to see them repeat this year. Good luck, girls!

honor at the hands of the Chancellor.

Mr. Bennett, delivering the Convocation address, said that he was sensible of the great honor bestowed on him. He was grateful for the honor of the degree; proud, though not he hoped, unduly, at receiving it under such circumstances.

Mentioning the fact that one out of every four hundred people in the province was enrolled in the University, he drew attention to the heavy responsibilities and obligations that beset the way of the new President.

Alberta had spent her money freely to endow the University. In return for this expenditure she was obtaining graduates who were leaders in thought and first-rate citizens, fitted to make a sound and well ordered democracy.

Student life, viewed from a layman's position, had altered greatly in the last thirty years. There was less restraint on the student body. More and more the tendency was to make the pursuit of athletics and outside activities the main object of training, instead of keeping these subservient to the cold hard grind that goes to fit a man for citizenship, and for which there can be no substitute.

"This is the age of competition, such as has never been seen before. It is an age that requires a training of the mind in the broader paths of learning before we narrow down to the dull routine of vocation." "We are on the threshold of the greatest development that has ever been seen upon this continent," was his note of encouragement. The demand of the age can only be met by men and women with quick comprehensions, who have a rounded out life—a larger vision, that makes it possible for them to see and understand life as a whole.

Student activities tended to curb and restrain the brightest and best minds in relation to the work of their classes. They were assuming obligations for which they could ill afford to spare the time. Athletics, when over-done, also diverted the student from his studies.

He had observed that there was a growing tendency towards cynicism, a turning away from the religious thought that had guided their forefathers. "There is a danger in this, for science can never replace faith. Science can only discover what can exist—truth to truth, fact to fact, as it finds them. Faith is the basis of our common Christian life, and there is nothing that can supplant it."

It is the duty of each student to strive towards his goal, and in striving to find satisfaction of life, whether success or failure meet his attentions.

Amid prolonged applause, Mr. Bennett finished his speech. Then, after the singing of "God Save the King," the procession formed once more and slowly filed out of the hall. As it moved solemnly along to the strains of "Land of Hope and Glory," played on the Memorial Organ, the realization was brought home to everyone present that with the induction of Dr. Wallace as President of the University, a new era in the life of the University had begun.

TENNIS TOURNEY NOW UNDER WAY**Dope Bucket May Be Upset—Many Fresh Prospects in Sight**

After much delay due to inclement weather the Tennis Tournament at the University courts has at last got fully under way. The first round of the men's singles is now practically completed, two rounds of the men's doubles have been played off, and the ladies' events are nicely started. Judging by the playing so far, we predict that there may be some upsets along. Several Freshies are shaping up well, especially Wilson and Morton, who are likely to keep the old veterans working overtime if they are

RUGBY PLAYERS GUESTS OF HONOR
Saturday Night Dance Held in Convocation Hall Enjoyed By All

Saturday night marked the occasion of the second house dance of the season, held in honor of the Saskatchewan rugby team, who were our guests for the day. Convocation Hall, being more like the wide open spaces than the gym, accommodated the crowd splendidly (if one square foot of space per person can be called accommodation), and the Freshies were there in full force, looking not quite so fresh as last week. The Freshmen, too, looking years older from the horrors of Friday night, but obviously proud of their new haircuts and of their buttons, which were conspicuous by their absence, were busy putting one over on their older brothers by dating up the co-eds right and left. The Sophs and Juniors and Seniors, from their higher sophistication, looked on in amusement at the Fresh crowd, but seemed to get their share of fun.

The Saskatchewan men took their defeat like good sports, and enjoyed themselves, making good use of their butting-in privileges, and the occasional black-eye among the rugby boys didn't have any effect on their dancing or their time, either.

INTERFACULTY TRACK MEET SEEKS MANY RECORDS SHATTERED

(Continued from page four)

time for the half-mile relay being 1:45.

Records Go Skyward

This was but one of the many events where old records were sent skyward, as the following results of the day will show:

Men's Events

100 yards (first heat)—1, Glasgow; 2, Stanley; 3, Pearlman. Time, 10 sec. flat.

100 yards (second heat): 1, Wright; 2, Werthenbach; 3, Cook. Time, 10 3-5 sec.

100 yards (final): 1, Wright; 2, Glasgow; 3, Werthenbach. Time, 10 1-5 sec. (new interfac. record, equals W.C.I.A.U. record).

220 yards—1, Wright; 2, Glasgow; 3, Stanley. Time, 23 2-5 sec. (equals interfac. record).

440 yards—1, Wright; 2, Croxford; 3, Pearlman. Time, 51 3-5 sec. (new interfac. record, new provincial record).

880 yards (half mile)—1, Cutsungavich; 2, Croxford; 3, McLeod. Time, 2.07 2-5 (new interfac. record).

Mile run—1, Cutsungavich; 2, McLeod; 3, Iles. Time 4:55 (new interfac. record).

Three mile run—1, Cutsungavich; 2, McCall; 3, Peck.

100 yards invitation (handicap)—1, Bus. Brown (S.H.S.); 2, Frank Richard (V.H.S.); 3, Miller (U. of A.). Time, 10 1-5 sec.

120 yards high hurdles—1, Werthenbach; 2, Glasgow; 3, Hollowaychuk. Time, 16 1-5 sec. (new interfac. record, new W.C.I.A.U. record).

Shot put—1, Cockle; 2, McLeod; 3, Hill. Distance, 33ft. 7 1/2 in.

Hammer throw—1, Cockle; 2, Hill; 3, McLeod. Distance, 78.2 ft.

Discus throw—1, Cockle; 2, McLeod; 3, Werthenbach. Distance, 111.6 ft.

Javelin throw—1, Cockle; 2, McLeod; 3, Werthenbach. Distance, 157.75 ft. (new interfac. record, new W.C.I.A.U. record).

Broad jump—1, Wright; 2, Richard (V.H.S.); 3, Werthenbach. Distance, 20ft. 4 1/2 in. (new interfac. record).

High jump—1, Parsons; 2, Lyons and Miller (tied). Height, 5ft. 4in. (equals interfac. record).

Pole vault—1, Lyons; 2, McCourt; 3, McLurg. Height, 9ft. 10in.

Interfac. relay—1, Arts-Com-Law, Pearlman, Miller, Cook, Stanley; 2, Pharmedents; 3, Ag-Sci. Time, 1.40 3-5 (new interfac. record).

Girls' Events

100 yards (first heat)—1, M. Kinney; 2, Dot Sproule; 3, M. Crang. Time, 13 4-5 sec.

100 yards (second heat)—1, G. Roxburgh; 2, G. Fry; 3, E. Barnett. Time, 13 sec. flat.

100 yards (elimination)—1, M. Humphries (M.H.S.); 2, B. Boulanger (M.H.S.); 3, Siren (Normal). Time, 13 1-5 sec.

100 yards (final)—1, G. Roxburgh; 2, M. Humphries (McD.H.S.); 3, G. Fry. Time, 12 3-5 sec. (new interyear record).

220 yards (first race)—1, G. Roxburgh; 2, G. Fry; 3, M. Humphries (McD.H.S.). Time, 28 3-5 sec. (new interyear record, new provincial record, new W.C.I.A.U. record).

220 yards (second race)—1, E. Barnett; 2, M. Kinney. Time, 30 1-5 sec.

Discus—1, G. Fry; 2, V. Palmer; 3, V. McMahan. Distance, 66.95 ft. (new interyear record).

Javelin—1, Doris Calhoun; 2, G. Fry; 3, U. McLatchie. Distance, 91 ft. flat.

Broad jump—1, G. Roxburgh; 2, E. Barnett; 3, G. Fry. Distance, 14 ft. 7 1/2 in.

High jump—1, G. Fry; 2, E. Barnett; 3, B. Boulanger (McD.H.S.). Height, 4ft. 6 1/2 in.

Interyear relay—1, Juniors, E. Barnett; 2, D. Sproule, M. Crang, G. Fry; 2, Sophomores; 3, Freshettes. Time, 1:00 4-5.

Doubles Events

In the doubles the Freshies flashes above-mentioned will find strong opponents in Dumouchel and Prittie and in Nicol and Kilburn. Miss Kae Howes is living up to all expectations, and seems sure of the ladies' championship. And, if we are not mistaken, she and Kilburn should be able to run off with the mixed title.

SIDELIGHTS ON INITIATION

Three prominent Wauniteas and one small boy, three tons of cement left overs, two armloads of sticks from the bonfire, two enormous tar-paulins, all in one car and on its fender, turned a sharp corner on the way to Convocation Hall. After that the eminent Wauniteas, the cement, the sticks and the tarps, all unmindful of their loss, travelled on. After that one very polite little boy walked to Convocation to reassure the Wauniteas of his continued faith in their good intentions, and to help them carry cement pillars and plant spruce.

At nine o'clock in the evening the same large car drew up at the iron steps of Convocation. A figure appeared at the top of the steps, heaved a vast bundle believed to be blankets, in the general direction of the car and scored a knock-out. The accomplice received the bundle and sank without a sound. The body was later revived.

Are you curious about identities? The actors in the above tragedies are included in the attached list of hard-working Wauniteas:

Mary Lehman, Pres. of Wauniteas. Helen McCrae, Vice-President. Mae Massey, Secretary. Elsa Young, Senior Chief. Mary Scofield, Junior Chief. Jean Black, Sophomore Chief. Helen Saunders, Marguerite McLelland, Decorations. Mary Powell, Pianist. Ruth Cushing, Dora Hamilton, Refreshments.

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